

Take Care of Me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27300856) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27300856>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Sugar Daddy , Sugar daddy dream , Daddy Kink , Porn With Plot , Porn , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Light Dom/sub , Overstimulation , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Praise Kink , Name-Calling , Pet Names , Subspace , Begging , Texting , Nude Photos , Edgeplay , Blow Jobs , Rimming , Rope Bondage
Language:	English
Collections:	MCYT , MCYT Universe , MHFDNF
Stats:	Published: 2020-11-01 Completed: 2020-11-10 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 6841

Take Care of Me

by [Shhbequiet](#)

Summary

George moves to Florida for a fresh start, only problem is that he needs money. A friend mentions getting a sugar daddy as a joke, but George thinks it might be a good idea. In comes a man named "Clay", with no profile picture but seemingly a lot of money.

Notes

sugar daddy dream is basically canon at this point anyway lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

A New Start

George sighed and wiped the sweat off his brow. He just finished unpacking all of his boxes in his new apartment. Moving to Florida from the UK had been a bold decision from him, but he didn't regret it at all. He felt stuck back in the UK, like his life wasn't moving forward. So, what better idea then to move somewhere completely different? His hometown was cold and drab, but Florida was sunny and beautiful. What wasn't there to love here?

Well, maybe it wasn't perfect. Florida was *expensive*. George had lived with his parents back home and didn't need to worry about rent. Now though, he rented the cheapest place he could find near his new job. Which was just as a small time employee at a tech company. Nothing special but it paid his bills. *Barely*. He still needed to pay off his university debt too, and this job wouldn't be enough to pay for everything.

George flopped down on the couch, a small thing that came with the apartment. He would probably need to pick up a part-time job to keep himself afloat. He shuddered at the thought, he didn't want to have to resort to becoming a fast food employee.

He looked down at his phone to see a new message. It was from Ponk, a guy he met while playing Minecraft. He also lived in the UK, so it was easy for them to become friends, but with George planning his move for the last year he hadn't had a lot of time to talk with him.

Ponk
hey, have you settled in yet?

George
yeah, just finished unpacking, it's so hot here

Ponk
lol, so did you figure out what to do about your money situation

George
...no, but I'm gonna need to get another job☺

Ponk
that sucks
what you need is a sugar daddy

George
haha like anyone would go for me

Ponk
stfu dude you're a total babe, guys love that sort of thing

George
including you?☹

Ponk
lol if only I had the money☺

George laughed to himself, it was nice to know he still had a friend to joke around with, even if they were in different countries now.

George sat deep in thought. Ponk was joking of course, but with the way the internet was right now maybe he could find someone interested in paying for him. Well, paying with the exchange of *sugar*. He shook his head, could he really have sex with some guy just for money? It wasn't that rare these days, surely a lot of people did it. Plus, there was something appealing about the thought of someone taking care of him.

Anything but working for fast food...

George woke up the next day, invigorated. He was at least going to try being a sugar baby. The worst thing that could happen would be a bunch of gross old dudes would hit him up. Even then, if he was desperate enough...

No, George was going to sign up on a site and find some hot guy with loaded parents, it couldn't be that hard, right?

He spent some time researching different sites before deciding on one. He downloaded it to his phone and made his profile. He uploaded a decently nice photo, one that showed off his slim build, and kept his personal info vague. He left his name as George and selected the "sugar baby" option with a preference for men. Now all he had to do was wait. People would find his profile right?

It had been two days. Two days and all he got was three dick pics with no other messages. He at least wanted someone to start a normal conversation, was that too much to ask?

George checked his phone again, he had a new message from someone named "Clay". He opened it, fully expecting his eyes to be assaulted by another dick pic, but surprisingly this message was normal.

Clay
hey

Well, it wasn't the most engaging, but anything other than dick pics was a win in his book. He clicked on his profile, there was no picture weirdly enough, but everything else looked normal. He had how much money he makes and George's eyes widened, this guy was *loaded*. George was even more shocked when he saw his age, 21. He was younger than him, yet he was making more money than George would ever see in his life.

George gave a quick "hey" back. He definitely wanted to see where this could go. He also hoped that he was telling the truth about his age, this guy could be the jackpot for him. George's phone vibrated, Clay responded pretty fast.

Clay
I'm gonna be honest with you dude, you're fucking gorgeous and I'd love to get to know you

George blushed, he didn't think he was anything special, but it seemed genuine.

George
thank you, I'd love to say the same, but you have no picture?

Clay
yeah sorry, I'm not a fan of showing my face

George
that's okay ig, but how are we going to meet without me knowing your face?

Clay

oh don't worry sweetheart, you'll see my face when the time comes but for now tell me about yourself

George smiled, okay Clay was a total sweet talker, but he had to admit it was working on him. He started to talk about himself, how he was from the UK and just moved here, how that affected his financial situation, and his passion for coding.

Clay avoided talking about his job, which George didn't mind, they were having a great conversation none the less. It turned out Clay knew quite a bit about coding also. They talked for hours, and George almost forgot that he wasn't just a friend, he was going to have *sex* with this guy to pay his bills. George felt pretty accomplished, this was probably the best outcome that could've came out of this.

Clay mentioned that it was getting late, and told him they could talk about their arrangement tomorrow. George agreed and they said their good night's. He went to bed giddy, thinking about the way Clay would casually find a way to compliment him during their conversation.

George got a text while at work the next day, but as a new worker he decided not to check until after hours. He wouldn't want to seem like a bad worker on one of his first days.

It was a text from Clay, of course. He asked if he had time to talk.

George

hey, just got off work, I'm free now

Clay

good, now I'm not ready to meet up in real life yet but how do you feel about sending pictures?

George's face turned red, right, he almost forgot what they needed to talk about.

George

pictures are fine, as long as you don't share them

Clay

of course not baby, they'd be just for me

George

okay, what kind of pictures were you thinking 😊

Clay

well, I'd like to see you play with yourself, I bet you blush real nice when you're into it

If only Clay knew he was blushing now. George couldn't deny that the idea sounded appealing.

George

yeah I can do that. What do I get in return?

Clay

how about 1,000 per picture?

George's mouth gaped open. 1,000 dollars just for a nude?

George

so you'd really be willing to give me 10,000 dollars if I sent 10 nudes?

Clay
of course, you better make them worth my while tho

George
omg do you want them rn?

Clay
whenever you're ready

George
okay, give me a minute

George jumped off his couch, heading for the shower. He was going to make these the best pictures Clay will ever see. He thoroughly washed himself and dried off. He grabbed a large t-shirt and a pair of briefs and slipped them on. He wanted to tease a bit first.

George took a picture of himself standing in the mirror, his shirt fell down mid thigh, not showing what was underneath.

George
how's this?

Clay
you're so cute, but let me see what you're hiding

George smiled and pulled up the shirt to his mouth, catching it with his teeth to keep it up. He let one hand go to the top of his briefs, slightly pulling them down, his other hand kept his phone steady, taking another photo.

Clay
you're such a tease, show me how you jerk off

George took a deep breath and sat down on his bed, facing the mirror. He pulled off his clothes and started to stroke his cock, thinking of Clay's words to him. He seemed to like giving him compliments, but would he in bed? Or would he talk down to him? George moaned at the thought, honestly he wouldn't mind either.

His right hand held his phone up to the mirror, getting a shot of his left wrapped around his cock.

Clay
I knew you'd blush so perfect
you're so good for me George, doing everything I ask

George moaned as he read the texts, Clay was right, he was listening to everything Clay said with no resistance. Maybe George was made for this kind of thing, considering he's been willing to completely hand over control to some random guy on the internet.

George sent another picture, this one was more daring. He spread his legs showing his finger dance around his hole.

George
Wish you were here to take care of me

Clay
fuck, you're gonna kill me baby. maybe we could meet up sooner than I was thinking. I wanna get

my hands on your perfect thighs, hold them open while you shy away

The thought made his head spin, Clay forcing his legs open and doing whatever he wanted to him. George worked his cock faster, desperate for release. He was getting shaky and could barely hold his phone still, so he started to take a video instead.

George whined and stroked his cock. His phone caught his red face and open mouth as he moaned. He came with a cry of "Clay!" and got his now dirty stomach on film. He breathed heavily and sent the video, embarrassed at how hard he came just from imagining a guy he's never seen.

George watched a photo come through from Clay and groaned at the sight. Clay's hand held his cock, cum pooling on his stomach. George practically drooled at the sight, his hands looked *big*, and now George knew he wasn't exaggerating about being able to force his legs open.

Clay
your moans are so fucking hot, it's been awhile since I've cum that hard

George
yeah it's been awhile for me too, thanks

Clay
no, thank you baby, here's your payment as promised, you did great

George got a notification from his Venmo, a payment of \$7,000 was deposited into his account.

George
wait, that's way too much!

Clay
4,000 for the pictures and 3,000 for that special video you sent

George
I didn't think you'd give me more for a video

Clay
how could I not after hearing you call my name in that pretty voice of yours
I forgot you said you're from the UK
cute accent

George felt like he was in a constant state of blushing whenever he was texting Clay. He felt embarrassed at the way he moaned his name, but Clay also made him feel good about himself.

George
how about we meet up and you can hear my accent all you want?

Clay
I'd like that, when are you free?

George
does this Saturday work?

Clay
hmmm, I'm busy during the day, but I could take you for dinner if you'd like? Give us some time to get to know each other face to face

George
that sounds great, I better be getting a good meal out of it

Clay
only the best for you, Georgie

George covered up his face and sighed, he was actually going to meet up with a stranger to have sex. He was never this bold before but he was excited for this. Even without thinking about the money, he *wanted* to meet this guy.

It was Saturday and George was a giant ball of nerves the whole day. His mind raced with different scenarios. What if Clay was lying and was actually some old man? What if he was crazy and kidnapped him? What if, and this was the least of his worries, he was ugly? George decided his looks didn't matter, he was attractive enough personality wise over text.

Clay had sent him a time and place to be. George looked up the restaurant and saw it looked pretty fancy. A quick look at their online menu showed some expensive prices. George worried over an outfit before choosing a sweater vest and dark jeans, he really didn't have much to work with.

George thought for a moment before texting Ponk. The responsible thing to do would be to tell someone where he was going, no matter how embarrassing the situation was. Plus, Ponk was the one he got the idea from in the first place.

George
hey, um so I maybe sort of got a sugar daddy??

Ponk
what
are u serious

George
yes, anyway his name is Clay and we're going out tonight

George sent a screenshot of the restaurant.

George
so if you don't hear from me by tomorrow call the police or something lol

Ponk
by tomorrow?? you're going home with a stranger??

George
yeah, I don't get paid unless I give sugar duhhh

Ponk
omg
have fun
but seriously call me tomorrow
and if anything seems sketchy get out of there

George
ofc
thanks for this

Ponk
np

George switched to the Uber app and requested one. About 20 minutes later he arrived at the restaurant. He was a bit intimidated, he's never been somewhere like this before. Clay was definitely telling the truth when he said he got the best.

George walked in and talked to the hostess.

"Hi, I have a reservation under the name Clay?" George hoped that Clay wasn't some catfish and had actually made a reservation like he promised.

"Yes, right this way." She gave him a practiced smile and led him to the back of the place, where it was a bit more private.

George could see a man sitting with his back to him and went to sit down, nervously.

"Here you are, sir. A waitress will be with you shortly." The hostess went back to her post, leaving the two men alone.

George looked at the other, pleasantly surprised. He was handsome to say the least. He had lighter hair styled in a similar way to his own. His skin was slightly tanned, not unusual for the typical Floridan. But most striking was his smile, it lit up his whole face and made his eyes scrunch up. It seemed genuine, unlike the customer service smile from the hostess earlier.

"George, I presume?" The man spoke, and oh, George liked the way his name sounded in his voice, like it belonged there.

"Yeah, and you're Clay? Unless that's not your real name?"

Clay laughed, "Yes, it's my name, and I was right earlier, your accent is adorable."

George looked away with a blush. He could barely handle when Clay complimented him over text, how was he supposed to survive it in real life?

George cleared his throat, "Well, I have to say I'm shocked you're not some ugly old man."

Clay chuckled, "Like what you see? And you're even prettier in person."

George was going to have a heart attack if Clay kept his heart racing like this. Luckily the waitress saved him and they ordered their meals. George didn't feel too bad about ordering something pricey. Clay seemed all too willing to pay for whatever he wanted.

They talked all night while enjoying their food. Clay was even easier to talk to in person, and they seemed to always be on the same beat. George had never gotten along with someone so easily in his life, it was like they were made for one another. George had learned to calm down his blush throughout the night but Clay didn't make it easy.

"So George, now that we've gotten to know each other some more, how would you feel coming back to my place tonight? You can say no, of course." Clay looked a little nervous of his answer.

"Honestly, I would be a little upset if you didn't want to take me home." George flirted back.

"Perfect, let's go."

Clay paid the bill, George didn't bother to look, he didn't want to know. Clay led him outside to his

car, and George may have gone a little weak to the feeling of Clay's hand on his back. George made sure to get in the right side of the car. Clay put the car in reverse and turned to put his hand on the back of George's seat. George took a deep breath, Clay wasn't even doing anything special yet George was already willing to drop to his knees for him.

They drove in relative silence and when they arrived, George took in the sight of his house. It wasn't a mansion or anything, thank God. George wouldn't know what to do with himself if it was, but it was definitely an expensive home. They got out of the car and Clay unlocked the door for them to get inside. It was pretty minimalistic, nothing too outlandish, but George appreciated it anyway.

"You have a beautiful home."

"Not as beautiful as you."

George gave him a light-hearted slap, "Shut up, you flirt."

Clay grabbed his hand, "Come on, let's go to my room."

George let himself get led down the hall, they passed a room that looked to be an office of some sort. There was a huge desk with multiple monitors. Clay did mention he liked coding, maybe his job had something to do with that? George got distracted from his line of thought when they arrived at the bedroom. Clay sat them down on the bed.

"You sure you want to do this? You can back out at anytime, I'll still pay you."

George smiled, "If I'm being honest Clay, I'd be willing to do this without getting paid."

Clay smirked, "So you're saying you're such a whore you don't even need money anymore?"

George whimpered, he wasn't expecting the degrading so suddenly.

"Is that okay George, can I call you names?" Clay asked, wanting to be sure he wasn't reading him wrong.

George nodded eagerly, "Do whatever you want, please."

Clay grabbed his face and pulled him in for a kiss. He didn't go slow, immediately taking control over it. George melted into it, letting Clay tongue-fuck his mouth. They stayed connected like that for awhile, before Clay pushed him down to lay on the bed, climbing overtop of him. He ran his hands down George's lithe form, feeling all of him. He lifted George's sweater off, hands immediately going back to his body, fingers brushing over pert nipples. George yelped.

"Yeah? You sensitive here?" Clay questioned, as he brushed roughly over his nipples.

"Mhhhh, nnggh." George tried to hum a yes, but all that came out were weak cries.

Clay placed his mouth over a pink nub, sucking. His hand continued to play with the other. George couldn't stop moaning and he wrapped his legs around Clay's torso, grinding up on him.

Clay moaned around a nipple, bringing his hands to hold George's hips, pinning him to the bed and grinding back. George gave a choked gasp before begging, "Clay, please, I need more!"

"How could I say no when you beg so pretty?"

And oh George felt pretty. His whole upper half was flushed red and his eyes were wet with tears.

He could tell Clay liked the look of him just from his face.

Clay removed his own shirt before pulling George's jeans and briefs down in one go. George's cock bounced out, already embarrassingly hard from the teasing.

"Oh you're so cute Georgie. Hard for me already like a good boy." Clay grabbed his cock, stroking him slowly.

George panted, God, Clay was going to kill him.

"What if I just left you like this? Hard and panting, what would you do baby?"

George whined, "Whatever you want! Please, I'll do anything daddy!"

George didn't mean for that to slip out, but based on Clay's groan, he didn't mind.

"Fuck, you're so hot. I should tie you up one day and edge you for hours, see how pretty you'd beg then?"

George keened at the idea, head going fuzzy.

"Not today though, I want to fuck you today." Clay grabbed the lube resting on his nightstand. Lubing up his fingers, before circling them around George's hole.

George was practically panting like a dog in heat, desperate for any kind of stimulation. He groaned as Clay worked in a finger, loving the stretch. When Clay got to three, he brushed past his prostate. George moaned, *loud*, and rocked his hips back into it.

Clay looked at him with amazement, "You're such a slut, moaning around just my fingers."

George nodded in agreement, head going into a fuzzy like state again, he loved when Clay talked like that.

Clay pulled his fingers out, satisfied with his work. He took his own pants off and slid a condom on and lubed up.

He grabbed George's legs and spread them open. George remembered something he said earlier and tried to slightly close his legs. Clay had none of that and forced them open again. George felt himself throb, Clay could easily dominate him and there was nothing he could do about it.

"You like that, right baby?" Clay asked, making sure.

"Mhmm, please daddy, fuck me?" George looked at him with pleading eyes.

Clay dove down to kiss him before slipping inside, feeling George's tight heat. He let George adjust before pulling out and thrusting back in.

"Ahh!" George cried out, as Clay set a rough pace, keeping him in place with his tight grip on George's thighs.

"Nhhgh, harder!" George could feel his whole body tense up with the rough pounding of his prostate.

Clay went harder, "You're such a good boy, George, taking my cock so well."

George gripped Clay's shoulders, clawing on them for any way to ground himself. He let himself

moan every embarrassing sound that came out of his mouth.

Clay wrapped his hand around George's cock, thumb swiping the tip. George came with a sudden shout, pushed over the edge. Clay moaned but didn't stop.

"Clay! Daddy, please!" George squirmed as he was overstimulated. Clay moaned a final time, cumming in the condom. His hand stayed on George, not letting him go. George saw stars as he came again, his head felt like it was floating.

They panted together, Clay eventually pulling out to throw the condom away. Clay came back, cuddling into him as he kissed his face, "You did so good, so perfect for me George."

George let out a faint laugh, "Me? You did all the work. Jesus, I've never cum twice like that before."

Clay smiled, "Well, you deserve the best."

They both smiled as they kissed, eventually falling asleep.

George woke up to the sun in his eyes, his head resting on Clay's chest. He rubbed his eyes, letting them come into focus. He could see Clay on his phone from his position, it looked like he was on twitter. He saw him scroll past a video, a Minecraft clip from the looks of it.

"Morning," George yawned, "you like Minecraft?"

Clay froze, before locking his phone and putting it down.

"Uh, yeah, I guess. You play?" George could sense a little nervousness in his voice.

"Yeah, don't worry I don't think you're a nerd for playing it." George laughed. "I haven't had much time for leisurely activities for the last year now though, with moving and all. Hey, we should play sometime!"

"Yeah, that sounds like fun." Clay seemed less nervous now.

George got up, looking for his own phone. He found it in the pocket of his jeans that were on the ground, he groaned as he grabbed them, feeling sore, jeeze, Clay really did a number on him. The first thing he saw in his notifications was a bunch of texts from Ponk.

Ponk
hey, just checking in
tell me when u see this
george?
answer me
if you don't answer I'll be worried
okay, I'm going to assume you got your back blown out last night
if you dont say anything in a few hours I'm calling the police

George laughed, glad for his friend's worries.

George
you would be right
I got plowed lol

Ponk

omg thank god
so he was worth it?

George
definitely

Ponk
well i'm glad you have a stable income now

Speaking of money, George checked his other notification. It was from Venmo, more money had been put into his account. *\$30,000 dollars to be exact.*

"Clay, I can't accept this money!" George shouted, spinning to face him.

Clay gave him a dry look, "Oh come on, I'll give you however much I want to give you."

"I still feel guilty, that's a lot of money, what do you even do?" George wondered.

"Uh, I'd rather not say." Clay looked away to avoid George's eyes.

"That's fine I guess, but I still feel bad."

"Trust me George, I want to do this. I give money to my friends all the time, but I figured I might as well get something else out of it too." Clay explained.

"Okay, I get you want sex, but why do you like to give money away?"

"I like taking care of people, money's one of the ways I can do that."

George blushed, he assumed Clay's other way of "taking care" of someone was to fuck them into the mattress. If that was the case, he wouldn't mind Clay taking care of him some more.

They ate breakfast together and Clay paid for George's Uber back home, with promises to meet up again.

When George got home he decided to play some Minecraft. It had definitely been awhile and Clay reminded him about it. He played for awhile before looking up some videos on YouTube, seeing if there was anything interesting. The first result was something called "Minecraft Speedrunner VS 2 hunters" with over 30 million views. It was wildly entertaining, and had him on the edge of his seat the whole time. He ended up binge watching a bunch of the guy's videos, some dude named "Dream". He had never heard of him before, but he was insanely good and had over 10 million subscribers. Speaking of subscribing, Dream's intro reminded him to subscribe. He might as well, since he was enjoying them so much. He wondered why he'd never heard the name before and went on a deep dive for his first video. Huh, uploaded about a year ago. He shrugged and continued watching.

Dream was funny, and familiar in a way. Even his voice sounded familiar, like he'd heard it before. George sat in thought, thinking about it. Right then Dream laughed, well more liked wheezed. George giggled, Clay wheezed like that when he laughed hard. He remembered being concerned during their dinner because he'd never heard someone laugh like that but Clay reassured him it was normal for him. George smiled, thinking of Clay, when Dream's video ended and automatically played the next, "Giving my Friend \$5,000 To Spend On Amazon". George sat up, realization hitting him. Clay was *Dream*.

The Perfect Life

Chapter Notes

so this didn't exactly come out "soon", sorry. honestly, i'm not very happy with how this turned out but i just want to get this out of the way so i can stop thinking about it. i hope you can enjoy anyway!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George knew Clay was Dream. It was even more obvious after researching, Dream had never done a face reveal. That was probably why Clay was so apprehensive about talking of his job. He was a private person. He didn't want George to expose him to his *millions* of fans. But George couldn't just pretend he didn't know. That wouldn't be fair to Clay. So, he decided he would let him know the next time they met up. Which, unfortunately for George, was the next weekend. He was anxious about it. What if Clay cut him off for finding out? Not only would George lose out on more money, but also his relationship with Clay.

George had to admit he was falling for him. He's never felt more connected to someone before. Even though they've only met up once, whenever they talked it felt like they've known each other for years. Especially after George watched his videos, it was like a different side of Clay. He was sometimes goofy and sometimes serious, but always charming. George slapped his hands to his face, he could do this.

George took an Uber to Clay's house, fidgeting the whole way there. He made sure not to allude to Clay's job through their texts during the week, but now he had to confront him face to face. He knocked on his door, waiting for an answer. Clay opened with a bright smile on his face, clearly happy to see him.

"Hey, come in. I wanted to...discuss some things with you today." Clay paused during his sentence.

"Oh," George was a little surprised. "Okay, but before that I need to tell you something."

Clay led them to the couch, "Sure, you can tell me anything, George."

He loved how softly Clay said his name, like it was special. It made him feel a little better.

"Okay, so basically I was watching some Minecraft videos the other day," George could see Clay's face fall. "And I realized that you're probably Dream, right?"

Clay looked away and sighed, "You're pretty smart, George."

George rushed to finish his thought, "I know you didn't want me to know, and I totally understand if you want to stop talking to me, but I would never tell anyone and I really, really want to continue what we have."

Clay rested his hand on George's, playing with his fingers. "Oh George, I think I'm a little too invested to give up on you now."

George smiled, "So, it's okay?"

Clay nodded, "Yeah, maybe we could even record a video together. I'm sure my fans would love you."

George blushed, "That sounds fun, but from what I've seen you spend most of your videos killing your friends over and over."

Clay wheezed, "That's the best part!"

They laughed together before Clay gave him a soft kiss, falling side by side on the sofa. They exchanged kisses back and forth, mostly just enjoying the other's company.

"Hey, what did you want to talk about again?" George asked, remembering what Clay said earlier.

"Oh, um, aha...I wanted to talk about sex...?"

George laughed, Clay could be so awkward sometimes.

"And what exactly about it?"

"Well, I wasn't kidding last time when I said I wanted to tie you up and edge you. I was wondering if you would be interested in stuff like that?"

George gulped, "Yeah, that sounds good."

"Great, now what about a safe word, can you come up with one? Obviously if you say stop then I will, but just to be safe."

"Hmm," George thought for a moment. "What about flint?"

Clay snickered, "Okay, flint it is."

"Are we going to do this now?"

"Well, I wanted to maybe a bit later, but for now I just want to spend time with you." Clay pet the side of George's head, looking into his eyes.

"I'm definitely okay with that." They cuddled on the couch for most of the afternoon, and ordered food for an early dinner, preparing for that night.

George laid on the bed while Clay rummaged through his closet.

"Rope or handcuffs?" Clay asked, voice slightly muffled.

"Rope I guess?" George shivered in anticipation.

Clay hummed and brought out some rope and a knife. He put the knife in his nightstand drawer, out of reach. "That's in case of an emergency." He explained.

"You're pretty prepared, have you done this before?"

Clay blushed, "I've tried different things with some people, none were as pretty as you though."

"I'm glad you have experience then, I've never done anything too outside the box before." George said sheepishly.

"That's okay baby, I'll take care of you."

George nodded, red in the face, and rose his hands so Clay could tie them together above his head. Clay took his shirt and pants off first, then tied his hands. George pulled at the ropes, they were snug, but not too tight.

Clay took a moment to admire him, "You're so beautiful George, tied up like a present for me."

"Just for you." George agreed.

Clay ran his hand down his chest, already knowing George's sensitive spots. He tweaked a nipple, letting it harden. George let out a quick breath, ready for more. Clay rolled it with his thumb and brought his head down to suck. George quickly moaned, arching his back into it. Clay moved his other hand to the other nipple and alternated between the two.

George was already a mess, moaning for more. Clay trailed his hand down to his underwear, palming him through it before taking out his cock and giving it long, slow strokes.

"Mmmm, feels good." George bucked his hips into Clay's tight grip.

"Yeah? Wanna fuck my hand like a slut?"

George nodded, continuing his thrusts. Clay rose his hand higher, making George go further off the bed to chase.

Clay laughed, "So desperate for it, aren't you?"

It was obvious with the way George panted for it. Clay took his hand off and opened it, grinding his palm onto George's tip.

"Ahh!"

Clay rest his hand above it, forcing George to push his hips up just to rub his tip on his hand.

"You're so pathetic, practically drooling just to get a little stimulation."

George groaned, head fogging up. He was *pathetic*, letting Clay do whatever he wanted. Thrusting his hips like an animal.

Clay took some pity on him and dropped his head down, licking the tip.

George moaned even more now, needing *more*.

Clay opened his mouth and sucked him down, running his tongue along the veins and swallowing around him. George whimpered, trying to buck his hips into Clay's mouth. But Clay brought his hands to his hips, pinning him down to the bed. George could do nothing except take what he was given. Clay's mouth felt like heaven and George could feel himself about to blow.

"Ahh, I'm gonna cum!" George slightly slurred his words together, lost in pleasure.

Clay removed his mouth with a pop, leaving George with nothing. George whined, his orgasm not reached. Clay let him calm down and pulled his briefs all the way off. He rubbed his thighs before trailing kisses across them. He sucked on the soft skin of his inner thighs, leaving little red marks. George panted heavily, grateful for the chance to catch his breath.

"I can't get over how pretty you are baby. Like you were *made* for me."

George felt a tear slide down his face and nodded, "Just for you."

Clay smiled and made his way back up to kiss George again. Softly biting his lips as he wiped his tears.

"You ready for more?" He checked.

"Please, I need you."

He spread his legs and went back down on him, swallowing him down. He bobbed his head up and down, then popped off, moving his mouth to George's asshole. He let his tongue run over his hole and George took a sharp breath, legs shaking. Clay pushed his tongue in before sucking harshly. George keened and squirmed around the bed. Clay steadied him with a hand on his thigh, his other hand going to George's hole, working a finger in with his tongue.

"Mmmmm, hhhnnn!" George whimpered and whined, not able to muffle his sounds with his hands tied up.

Clay let go of his thigh and started to stroke his cock again, "Clay! I'm gonna-!"

Clay froze all stimulation, preventing him from reaching his climax. George full on sobbed this time, "Please, I was so close, daddy."

"Aww, poor baby just wants to cum huh?" Clay teased.

"Please, I'll do anything!"

"Anything?"

George nodded, desperate. Maybe he should've thought about that promise more, but his head was practically empty. Clay smiled wolfishly at him, "Work for it then."

He put his mouth over George's tip, his hands now pinning his hips to the bed. He stayed still, not moving his mouth.

"Daddy, please, I can't move." George complained.

"Either you figure it out and cum from this, or you don't cum at all." Clay explained before putting his mouth back where it was, just barely covering the tip of his cock.

George whimpered and tried to buck his hips up, but Clay's hands were still on him. He groaned, he was too *strong*. George couldn't move him at all. He stopped and let himself focus on every sensation. Clay's hot mouth over his tip, the hands most likely leaving bruises on his skin. He was still so close from before, he just needed a *little* more.

Clay must have seen the desperation on his face, "You're close aren't you? C'mon, just cum you whore." Clay let his mouth fall a little further and sucked. George's vision whitened and he came in his mouth, moaning and shivering.

George opened his eyes to the blanket pulled up over him, hands untied, and Clay softly petting his hair. "What happened?" He asked, throat raw.

"I think you blacked out, I cleaned you up while you were out."

George blushed, "Oh my God, I'm so sorry, you didn't even-?"

Clay cut him off, hushing him, "It's okay baby, I took care of myself, trust me, I had enough material to work with."

George laughed, "I'm glad." He leaned in for a kiss and they fell asleep, curled up together.

"Dream! What the hell was that?" George laughed as he listened to himself scream in the video.

George had agreed to film a video with Clay and it had just come out a few minutes ago. It was hard not to laugh at his own difficulties, Clay was just much better than him, and that led to a lot of deaths for George.

George heard his phone ping and reached for it blindly, eyes not wanting to leave the screen.

Ponk

what the hell?? is that you in dream's new video????

George gulped, shit. Of course, Ponk watched Dream.

George

ummm, funny story

sooo

dream may or may not be my sugar daddy?

Ponk

WHAT

ur telling me dream pays thousands of dollars to twinkies in his free time

George

omg shut up

yes...

Ponk

that's crazy

at least you know why he's loaded now

George

yeah, his videos do really well

I wonder if people will like me?

Ponk

seems like it

check this out

George opened the link Ponk sent him, it was a tweet talking about the new video.

this guy is sooo funny, does anyone know who he is?? him and dream have soo much chemistry...do yall think they could be dating?

George

is it really that obvious...

Ponk

well, he definitely acts different around you than his other friends
are you two together?

George

not yet

George groaned, he wanted to be with Clay. Maybe he could just ask?

George
can I come over

Clay
yeah, I wanted to ask you something anyway

George left his house in an Uber, it was practically routine for him at this point. He knocked on Clay's door before letting himself inside, they'd become pretty comfortable with each other.

"Hey babe." Clay gave him a quick kiss as they sat on the couch.

"Hey, you wanted to ask me something?" George questioned, slightly nervous.

"Yeah, I know we haven't really known each other for that long, but I really, really like you," George's eyes widened. "and I know we started this because you needed the money, but I'm hoping you feel the same way." Clay took a deep breath. "I want us to be together, I want to take you on dates whenever and tell my friends I have the most beautiful boyfriend in the world. Do you...want that too?" Clay looked at him hopefully.

George gave him a bright smile, "That's actually what I came here to ask you. Yes, I want to be your boyfriend."

George cupped Clay's face and pulled him into a kiss smiling against each other's lips.

"So, your fans seem to already think we're together, do you want to tell them?"

"Hmmm, maybe at some point, but I think we should make them wait."

"You're so evil."

They laughed together as George reflected. Florida wasn't perfect, but there was a certain man who lived there that was.

Chapter End Notes

this is the last time i do a multi-chaptered fic lol. i kind of dug myself into a hole because i dont plan anything when i start writing...oh well

End Notes

i'll probably do part two soon!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!